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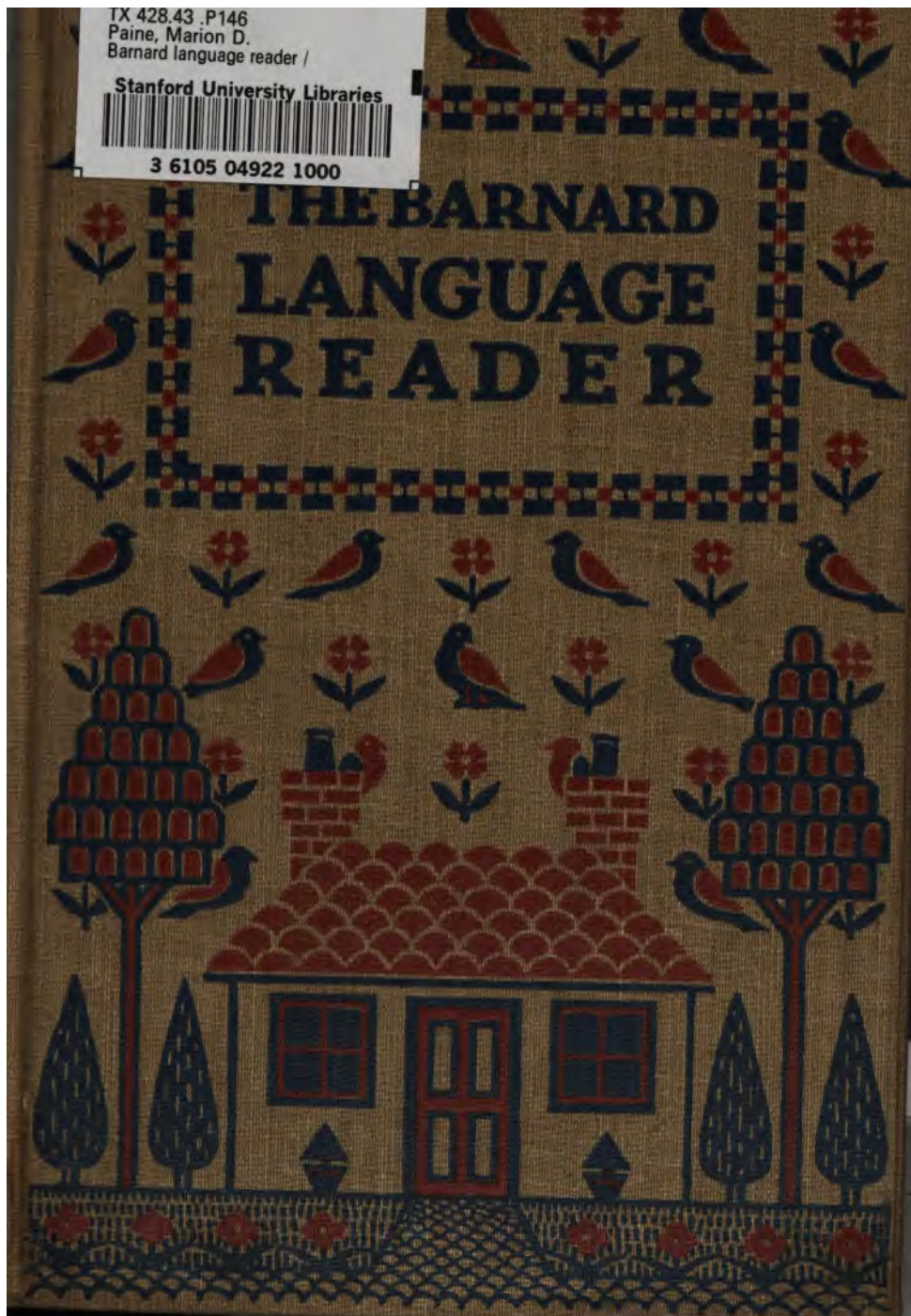
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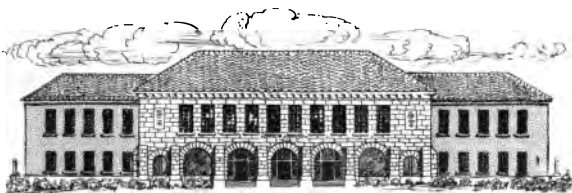
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THE BARNARD LANGUAGE READER





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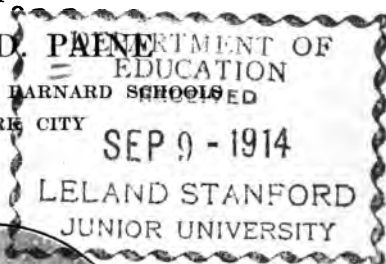


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THE BARNARD LANGUAGE READER

BY

MARION D. PAINE
INSTRUCTOR IN THE BARNARD SCHOOLS
NEW YORK CITY



AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK

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BARNARD LANGUAGE READER.
W. P. I

PREFACE

THE Barnard Language Reader may accompany the study of any good method or system of teaching reading. It does not contain specific drill lessons in phonetics, word building, or other forms of the pure mechanics of reading. It does attempt, however, to supply material for the application of these to DRAMATIZATION, REPRODUCTION, and MEMORIZATION.

It contains seven stories suitable for dramatic work. These have been retold, for the most part, in the words of the children themselves, very simply, with a great deal of conversation, and in a form which can be satisfactorily worked out by a class after a little practice in dramatizing such things as Mother Goose rhymes.

It also includes a number of fables and folktales which are especially designed to furnish material suitable for work in reproduction, though many of them may also be dramatized successfully. These, too, are given in the form which children have pre-

ferred and enjoyed. These particular stories have been chosen partly because, illustrating as they do the various duties and faults of childhood, they may be closely tied to the ethical class teaching.

The poetry is somewhat seasonal in its character. Some of it is too difficult to be put into the hands of children, unless a partial memorization or repeated reading by the teacher precedes its study from the printed page. All of it is popular with small boys and girls. Most of it is classic as well, and may be memorized with permanent profit.

The author has given special prominence to several well-known poems by Robert Louis Stevenson — the idea being to regard him as the poet for the year — as many of the children as possible supplying themselves with copies of “A Child’s Garden of Verses,” and reading and learning various other poems, in addition to those given in the Reader.

It is suggested that the children be made familiar with some of the stories before attempting to read them, so that they will take up the book as an old friend.

The Reader is suited to the latter part of the first, or to the second, school year, according to the age and capacity of the class.

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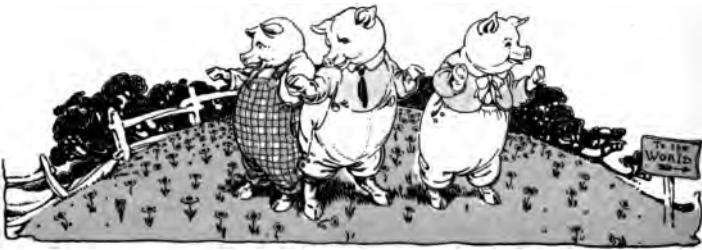
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THE BARNARD LANGUAGE READER



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once there were three brother pigs.
They lived in a barn yard.
One day they said,
“We are too big
to live here any longer.
We will go away.
We want to see the world.”

So they walked along and walked
along.

It was a very warm day.
Soon the little pigs were tired.
They wanted a place to rest.
“Where can we go?” said one.
“Yes, where can we go?” said all
the little pigs.

By and by they met a man.
He had a load of hay.
One brother said,
“Please give me some hay.
I want to build a house.”
So the man gave him some hay,
and he built a little house
by the side of the road.

Pretty soon another man drove by.
He had a load of wood.
One brother said,
“Please give me some wood.
I want to build a house.”
So the man gave him some wood,
and he built a little house
by the side of the road.

Then another man drove by.
He had a load of bricks.
One brother said,
“Please give me some bricks.
I want to build a house.”
So the man gave him some bricks,
and he built a little house
by the side of the road.

At night each brother went to bed
in his little new house.



Very soon a wolf came along.
He went to the house made of hay.
He rapped on the door and said,
“Little pig, little pig, let me in.”
“No,” said the little pig.
“You cannot come in.”
“Well,” said the wolf,

“I’ll huff and I’ll puff,
and I’ll blow your house in.”

“Oh, no,” said the little pig.

“You cannot do that.”

“Yes, I can,” said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed,
and he blew the house in,
and he caught the little pig.



Then the wolf went to the house
made of wood.

He rapped on the door and said,
“Little pig, little pig, let me in.”

“No,” said the little pig.

“You cannot come in.”

“Well,” said the wolf,

“I’ll huff and I’ll puff,

and I’ll blow your house in.”

“Oh, no,” said the little pig.

“You cannot do that.”

“Yes, I can,” said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed,

and he blew the house in,

and he caught the little pig.

Then the wolf went to the house
made of bricks.

He rapped on the door and said,

“Little pig, little pig, let me in.”

"No," said the little pig.

"You cannot come in."

"Well," said the wolf,

"I'll huff and I'll puff,

and I'll blow your house in."

"Oh, no," said the little pig.

"You cannot do that."

"Yes, I can," said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed,

and he huffed and he puffed,

and he huffed and he puffed.

He could not blow the brick house in.

So he said,

"Little pig, I will come in.

I will go up on the roof.

Then I can come down the chimney."



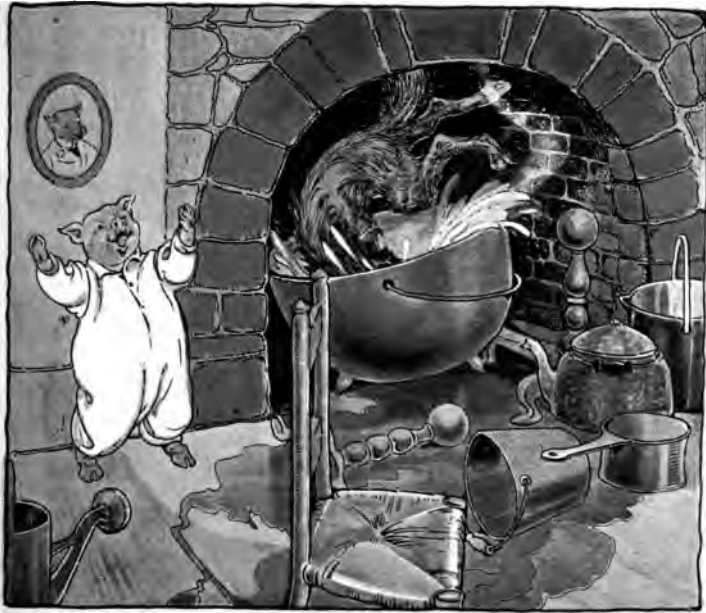
“Oh, no,” said the little pig.

“You cannot do that.”

But the little pig was frightened.

“What can I do?” he said to himself.

Then he thought of a good plan.



He put some hot water
in a big kettle.
The wolf ran up on the roof.
He came down the chimney.
He fell right into the kettle,
and that was the end of him.

The next day the three brother pigs
went back to the barn yard.
They never ran away again.
“This is the best place for us,”
they said.

AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up
Till it could come no more.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

AUTUMN FIRES

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE LARK'S NEST

A mother lark lived in a wheatfield.
She had a nest on the ground.
In it were four baby birds.
They could not fly very well.
They were not quite strong enough.
So the mother lark said,
“We will stay here a little longer.
But, some day soon, the farmer
will come to cut the wheat.
Then we must move away.”

And one morning, the farmer
came down to the field.
He saw that the wheat was ripe.
It was all ready to cut.

“The wheat is ready to cut,” he said.
“It must be cut to-morrow.
I will ask my friends
to come and help me.”

The baby larks were afraid.
“What shall we do?” they said.
“We are not strong enough yet to
fly.”

But the mother said,
“Do not be afraid.
His friends will not come.”

The next morning, the farmer
came to the field again.

“My friends did not come,” he said.

“I will ask my cousins
to help me to-morrow.”

The little larks said, “Oh, mother,
we must go away now.”

“No,” said she. “His cousins
will not come either.”

The next morning, the farmer
came down again.

“My friends do not help me.

My cousins do not help me.

To-morrow I will cut the wheat
myself,” he said.

“Now,” said the mother lark,
“We must fly away at once;
for the wheat will be cut
to-morrow.”

So they went flying away
to another field.

The next day, the farmer
came and cut his wheat.
And what do you think he found?
He found a little empty nest
on the ground.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A fox was very hungry.

He ran along the road.

He looked on both sides of him.

Do you know

what he was looking for?

He was trying

to find something to eat.

Soon he came to a grapevine.

It was full of ripe grapes.

“How good they look!” said he.

“I am hungry.

I will have some.”

The fox could not reach the grapes.

So he began to jump.

Even then he could not reach them.



He jumped and jumped.
Still he could not reach them.
At last he had a fall.
Then he ran away and said,
“I do not care.
Those are poor grapes.
I know they must be sour.
I do not like sour grapes.”

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves falling,
Yellow and brown,
Swept by the wind
Come rustling down.
Hither and thither
See how they fly,
Whirling and twirling,
Hastening by.
Falling, falling,
Autumn leaves falling around.



OCTOBER

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

THE THREE BEARS

Once there were three bears.
They lived in a house in the woods.
There was a big bear.
He was the father.
There was a middle-sized bear.
She was the mother.
There was a little bear.
He was the baby.

The father bear had a big chair.
He had a big bowl.
Upstairs he had a big bed.
The mother bear
 had a middle-sized chair.
She had a middle-sized bowl.
Upstairs she had a middle-sized bed.

The baby bear had a little chair.
He had a little bowl.
Upstairs he had a little bed.



One day the mother bear
made some soup.
She put it in the bowls to cool.
Then they all went for a walk.
Their house was left alone.

Now, that morning, Silver Hair was
walking in the woods.

Soon she came to the bears' house.

She rapped on the door.

No one came, and she walked in.



She saw the three bowls of soup.

She tasted the soup in the big bowl.

It was too hot.

Then she tasted the soup

in the middle-sized bowl.

It was too cold.

Then she tasted the soup
 in the little bowl.
It was just right.
So she looked around for a chair.

First she sat down
 on the big chair.
It was too hard.
Then she sat down
 on the middle-sized chair.

It was too soft.
Then she sat down
 on the little chair.
It was just right.
So she sat still
 and began to eat the soup.
She ate it all.



Just then she broke the little chair.
Then she went upstairs.
She lay down on the big bed.
It was too hard.
She lay down
 on the middle-sized bed.
It was too soft.
She lay down on the little bed.
It was just right,
 and she went to sleep.

Pretty soon the bears came home.

They were very hungry.

So they went to get their soup.

“Some one has been tasting my
soup,” said the big bear.

“Some one has been tasting my
soup,” said the middle-sized bear.



“Some one has been tasting my
soup, and has eaten it all up,”
said the baby bear.

Then they looked around the house.

“Some one has been sitting in my chair,” said the big bear.

“Some one has been sitting in my chair,” said the middle-sized bear.

“Some one has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it all up,” said the baby bear.

Then they went upstairs.

“Some one has been lying on my bed,” said the big bear.

“Some one has been lying on my bed,” said the middle-sized bear.

“Some one has been lying on my bed and here she is,” said the baby bear.



Just then Silver Hair waked up.
She was frightened.
She ran downstairs and went home
as fast as she could.
She never went into the woods
again after that.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow
That goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him
Is more than I can see.

He is very, very like me
From the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me,
When I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him
Is the way he likes to grow;
Not at all like proper children,
Which is always very slow.

For he sometimes shoots up taller
Like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little
That there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion
Of how children ought to play,

And can only make a fool of me
In every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me
He's a coward you can see —
I'd think shame to stick to nursie
As that shadow sticks to me.

One morning, very early,
Before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew
On every buttercup.

But my lazy little shadow,
Like an arrant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me
And was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

One day a big dog found
a large piece of meat.

“This is fine!” he said.

“I will take this meat home with me.
What a good dinner I shall have.”

So he took the meat in his mouth
and ran toward home.

On the way he crossed
the bridge over the brook.

As he ran, he looked into the water.
He saw his shadow there.

Then he said to himself:

“Look at that dog in the water!

He has some meat, too.

I should like to have it.

I will bark at him.”

Then he began to bark,
“Bow-wow! Bow-wow!”



As he barked, he dropped his meat.

He jumped into the water

to get it.

But he could not.

And he had no meat for his dinner

because he was so greedy.

THE HUNGRY LION



An old lion sat in his den.
He was so old that he could not
go out to hunt.
So he was very hungry.
“What can I get to eat?” he said.
“Here comes a rabbit.
How do you do, Mr. Rabbit.
Come into my den and see me.”

“Thank you,” said the rabbit.

“I shall be pleased to do so.”

He went in,

but he did not come out.

By and by a dog came along.

“How do you do, Mr. Dog?”

said the lion.

“Come into my den and see me.”

“Thank you,” said the dog.

“I shall be pleased to do so.”

He went in,

but he did not come out.

By and by a fox came along.

“How do you do, Mr. Fox?”

said the lion.

“Come into my den and see me.”

But the fox had been looking
at the ground.

“No, I thank you,” he said.

“I see some rabbit tracks,
and I see some dog tracks.

They go into your den, but I do not
see them come out.

I wonder where Mr. Rabbit is.

I wonder where Mr. Dog is.

I do not care to see you to-day.

I think I will walk away.

Good-by, I must go.”



HIAWATHA



By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.

Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy
 pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.



At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering
 of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder.



Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names
 and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves
 in winter,
Talked with them
 whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."



Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names

and all their secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,—
Talked with them

whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

THANKSGIVING VERSES



GOING TO GRANDFATHER'S

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go.

The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the
wood,—

Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the
wood,—

Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our
feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Our Father we thank Thee.

Father of all, in Heaven above,
We thank Thee for Thy love.
Our homes, our food, and all we wear,
Tell of Thy loving care.

HARVEST HOME

Come ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home.



THE LITTLE PINE TREE

A little pine tree grew in the woods.
It was a very pretty tree.
It was covered with long green
 needles.
But the little tree was not happy.

All the other trees had leaves.

It wanted to be like them.

One day it said:

“I do not like long green needles.

I wish I had some leaves.

But I do not want green ones.

I wish to be more beautiful

than the other trees,

I wish I had gold leaves.”

That night the little tree went to
sleep.

In the morning it waked up.

All its needles were gone.

It was covered with gold leaves.

“I am very beautiful,” it said.

“Now I shall always be happy.”

But soon a man came to the wood.
He had a bag in his hand.
He picked off all the gold leaves
and took them home.

Then the little tree
had no leaves and no needles.
“What shall I do?” it said.
“I do not want any more gold
leaves,
I wish I had glass leaves.”

That night the little tree
went to sleep again.
In the morning it waked up.
It was covered with glass leaves.
“I am very beautiful,” it said.
“Now I shall always be happy.”

But soon the wind began to blow.
All the glass leaves were broken.
“What shall I do?” said the little
tree.

“I do not want any more gold leaves.
I do not want any more glass leaves.
I wish I had green leaves
like the other trees.”

Then it went to sleep again.
In the morning it waked up.
It was covered with big green leaves.
“Now I am like the other trees,”
it said.

“I shall always be happy.”

But soon a goat came along.
He saw the new green leaves.

He was hungry, and so he ate
every leaf for his breakfast.

“What shall I do now?”
said the little tree.

“I do not want any more gold leaves.
I do not want any more glass leaves.
I do not want any more green leaves.
I wish I had my needles back again.”
Then it went to sleep.

The next morning it was covered
with long green needles.

“Now I am happy,” it said.

“I am so glad
to have my needles again.
Pine needles are best
for a little pine tree.”

CHRISTMAS VERSES

Why do bells for Christmas ring ?
Why do little children sing ?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger-cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay.
And his mother sang and smiled,
“This is Christ, the holy Child.”

So the bells for Christmas ring,
So the little children sing.



SANTA CLAUS

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes
in the night!

He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on
the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

He cuts through the snow like
a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him
whirl.

Who tells him I know not, but
he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I hear the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Oh, Christmas Day, glad Christmas
Day,
We celebrate our Saviour's birth,
Who as a little babe came down,
God's holy gift from Heaven to earth.
O crowning day of all the year
Which gave to us the Christ child
dear.



THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

There was once a man
 who had several sons.
He was not happy.
I will tell you why.
The sons were always quarreling.

One day the father called them.

“Come here,” he said,

“and bring some little sticks.”

So they all came around him.

Each one brought a little stick.

Then the father put all the
sticks together.

He tied them with a cord.

They made a big bundle.

Then he passed the bundle
to his sons.

“Break it in two,” he said.

The sons tried as hard as they could

But they could not break
the bunch of sticks.

Then the father said,

“Give it back to me.”

They gave him the bundle
and he took off the cord.

Then he gave one stick to each
of his sons.

“Can you break them now?” he said.

They could do it easily.

“My sons,” said the father,
“do not quarrel.

If you quarrel, you
cannot stand together.

Help each other.

Keep together
like the bundle of sticks.

If you do, you will all be
strong.”

GENTLENESS

Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you.

Hearts like doors will ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are "Thank you, sir" and "If you
please."

Politeness is to do or say
The kindest thing in the kindest
way.

Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

THE NEW YEAR

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door though the wild
winds blow,
Take the child in and make him
cozy.
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.



Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
The king of the seasons is he,
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee.

He piles up the beautiful snow-
flakes
On the apple trees bare and brown,
And laughs when the north wind
shakes them
Like a shower of blossoms down.

Out of the bosom of the air;
Out of the cloud folds
 of her garment shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing?

He will sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

THE LITTLE HALF-CHICK



There was once a funny
little chicken.

He had only half a bill.

He had only one eye.

He had only one wing.

He had only one leg.

So he was called little Half-Chick.

He could not run like other
chickens.

He had to go hopity-kick, hopity-
kick all the time.

One day he said to his mother,

“Good-by, mother.

I am going to the city to see
the king.”

“O little Half-Chick,” said his mother.

“You must not do that.”

“Yes, I will,” said the little Half-Chick.

“I shall not stay here any longer.”

And away he went, hopity-kick,
hopity-kick down the road.

Soon he came to a little brook that
was lost in some bushes.

“O little Half-Chick, little Half-Chick !

Come and help me,” said the water.

“I am caught in these bushes.

Please clear them away with
your little half bill.”



“No, indeed,” said the little Half-Chick.

“I have no time to help you.
I am going to the city to see
the king.”

So on he went, hopity-kick.

Soon he came to a fire that had
almost gone out.

“O little Half-Chick, little Half-Chick!

Come and help me,” said the fire.

“I am almost gone.

Please bring me some leaves
with your little half bill.”

“No, indeed,” said the little Half-Chick.

“I have no time to help you.

I am going to the city to see
the king.”

So on he went, hopity-kick, hopity-kick.

Soon he came to the wind.

It was caught in a tree and could
not get down.

“Oo-oo, little Half-Chick, little Half-Chick!” said the wind.

“Please come and help me.

Come and shake this tree.

I want to get away.”

“No, indeed,” said the little Half-Chick.

“I have no time to help you.

I am going to the city to see
the king.”

So on he went, hopity-kick, hopity-kick, hopity-kick.

Soon he came to the king’s house.

He went hopity-kick, hopity-kick,
across the yard.

The cook saw him coming along.

“The king must have chicken
for breakfast,” she said.

“Here is just what I want.”

So she caught the little Half-Chick
and put him in a kettle of
water over the fire.



“O water, water !

Keep away from me.

I shall drown,” said the Half-Chick.

But the water said,
“Little Half-Chick, little Half-Chick!
When I was in trouble,
 you wouldn’t help me.
So I cannot help you now.”

Then the fire began to burn and
 the water began to be very hot.

“O fire, fire!
Keep away from me.
I shall burn to death,”
 said the little Half-Chick.

But the fire said,
“Little Half-Chick, little Half-Chick!
When I was in trouble,
 you wouldn’t help me.
So I cannot help you now.”

Just then the cook came along.
She looked at the little Half-Chick.
“Why, that is only half a chicken,”
she said.

“I can not cook that for the king.”

So she threw him out of the
window.

And the wind caught him and blew
him right up into the air.

“O wind, wind!

Keep away from me.

I shall fall and be killed,”

said the little Half-Chick.

But the wind only said,

“Oo-oo, little Half-Chick, little Half-
Chick!

When I was in trouble, you wouldn't
help me.

So I cannot help you now."

And he blew the little Half-Chick
higher and higher.

Up and up he went.

At last the wind blew him
to the top of a tall steeple.

There he has been ever since.

He has only half a bill.

He has only one eye.

He has only one wing.

He has only one leg.

You can see him
if you look.

We call him a weather-vane.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A cross dog lay down in a manger.
He lay there all day long.
The manger was full of hay.
This hay was for a big ox.
At night the ox came into the
barn to eat his supper.



The cross dog began to bark.
He began to snap, too.

“Do you want the hay?” said the
ox.

“No, I do not eat hay,”
said the dog.

The ox could not get
any hay at all.

“I think you are mean,” he said.

“You cannot eat the hay.

Why do you not let me have
some?

You are a selfish, selfish dog.”

But the dog kept on barking.

He would not get down.

So the poor ox did not have
any hay for supper.



THE MOON

The moon looks
On many brooks.
The brook can see no moon but this.

I see the moon, and the moon sees
me;
God bless the moon, and God bless
me.

Lovely moon, lovely moon, sailing
so high,
Come to the children, down from
the sky.
Children dear, children dear, far
down below,
I send my moonlight, but I cannot go.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are
you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom
are you loving?
All that love me.

Dear mother, how pretty the moon
looks to-night;
She was never so cunning before !
Her two little horns are so sharp
and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

Oh, look at the moon,
She is shining up there;
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last night she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

THE STARS

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Star light, star bright,
First star I see to-night:
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.

DREAMING

A little boy was dreaming,
Upon his mother's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars
And a star fell into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
What should that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked into his cap
And found it was not true.

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN



A poor woodman
was cutting down a tree.
The tree was near a river.
All at once his ax fell
into the water.
He had no other ax.

So he sat down on the bank
and called for help.

Soon he saw Mercury
standing by him.

“What is the matter?”
asked Mercury.

The woodman said,
“My ax fell into the river.”

Mercury put his hand into the water
and took out a gold ax.

“Is this your ax?” he asked.

“No,” said the woodman.

“It is not.”

Then Mercury put his hand
into the water again.

This time he took out a silver ax.

“Is this your ax?” he asked.

“No,” said the woodman.

“It is not.”



Again Mercury put his hand
into the water.

This time he took out
the woodman's own ax.

“Is this your ax?” he asked.

“Yes,” said the woodman.

“That is my ax.”

“You are a good man,”

said Mercury.

“I will give you the gold ax and
the silver ax.”

Then he disappeared.

The woodman went home.

He felt very happy.

He told other men about it, and
showed them the gold ax and
the silver ax.

But one of them was not a good man.

He said to himself,

“I wish I had a gold ax
and a silver ax.

I think I will try to get them.”
So he ran down to the river.
He threw his ax into the water.
Then he sat down on the bank
and called for help.

Soon he saw Mercury standing by him.
“What is the matter?” asked
Mercury.

The woodman said,
“My ax fell into the water.”
Mercury put his hand into the
water and took out a gold ax.
“Is this your ax?” he asked.
“Yes,” said the woodman.
“That is my ax.”

Mercury was very angry.

He threw the gold ax back into
the river.

“You are a bad man,” he said.

“I shall not get your ax for
you.”

Then he went away.

The woodman never saw him again.

He did not see his ax again either.

A child should always say what's
true,

And speak when he is spoken to,

And behave mannerly at table;

At least as far as he is able.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

OUR COUNTRY

I give my head and my heart to
my country,
One country, one language, one flag.

There are many flags in many
lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
Like our own red, white, and blue.

The red is for the brave,
The blue is for the true,
There are no flags that wave,
Like our red, white, and blue.

Abraham Lincoln —

“ Who can be what he was to
the people,

What he was to the
state ?

Shall the ages bring
us another

As good and as
great ? ”



Breathes there the man with soul
so dead

Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ?



George Washing-
ton —

First in peace,
First in war,
First in the hearts
of his coun-
trymen.

I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too ;
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
Of red and white and blue.

The red says: “Be brave.”
The white says: “Be pure.”
The blue says: “Be true.”



THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

There was once a man
 who had many sheep.
He sent his little boy out
 to take care of them, and said,
“If a wolf comes to the pasture,
 you must cry, ‘Wolf! Wolf!’
Then the workmen in the field
 will come and kill him.”



George Washing-
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First in peace,
First in war,
First in the hearts
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trymen.

I love the name of Washington,
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THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

There was once a man
 who had many sheep.
He sent his little boy out
 to take care of them, and said,
“If a wolf comes to the pasture,
 you must cry, ‘Wolf! Wolf!’
Then the workmen in the field
 will come and kill him.”

For a long time no wolf came.
One day the little boy thought
 he would have some fun.
So he cried, "Wolf! Wolf!"
The men came running up.
"Where? Where?" they said.
"Nowhere," said the boy.
"There is no wolf here.
I was only having some fun."

Three or four times more
 he did the same thing.
Each time the men came running
 up from the field.
And each time the boy said,
"There is no wolf here.
I was only having some fun."

But one day a wolf did come.
“Help! Help! Wolf! Wolf!
A wolf is killing the sheep,”
cried the boy.

But this time the men did not
come.

For they said:

“There is no wolf in the pasture.
He is only having some fun.
We will not stop our work
again to help him.”

The little boy could not do any-
thing alone.

So the wolf killed several sheep
and took one away to his den.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

There was once a pretty little girl.
She always wore a red hood,
and so she was called
Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said,
“Red Riding Hood, I have
made some cakes for your
grandmother.

Can you take them to her?”

“Oh, yes,” said Red Riding Hood.

“I know the way to grand-
mother’s house.”

So she got her red hood.

Then she put the cakes in a basket
and went down the road.



SHE MET A WOLF

She was singing to herself.
Soon she came to the wood.
There she met a wolf.

“Good morning, Red Riding Hood,”
said the wolf.

“Where are you going with that
basket?”

“Good morning, Mr. Wolf,”
said little Red Riding Hood.

“I am going to see my grandmother.
My mother has made some cakes
for her.”

Then she walked along the path.

“Well,” said the wolf to himself,
“There are some woodcutters.

I cannot catch Red Riding Hood now,
but I will play a trick on her.”
So he ran as fast as he could to
the grandmother’s house.

Now the grandmother was not at
home.

So Mr. Wolf ran into the house
and got into the bed.

Soon Red Riding Hood came along.
She rapped on the door.

“Who is there?” called the wolf.

“It is Red Riding Hood,” she said.

“I have some cakes for you.”

“Come in,” said the wolf.

So Red Riding Hood opened the
door and went in.



She put the cakes on the table.

It was dark in the house.

She could not see very well.

So she went up to the wolf.

Then she said,

“Why, grandmother, what big ears you have.”

“The better to hear you, my dear,”
said the wolf.

“But, grandmother, what big eyes
you have.”

“The better to see you, my dear.”

“But, grandmother, what big teeth
you have.”

“The better to eat you, my dear.”



And then the wolf opened his mouth
to eat little Red Riding Hood.

Just then the door opened.

In came the two woodcutters.

They had seen the wolf talking
to Red Riding Hood.

So they had come to tell her
grandmother.

The wolf tried to run out of the
house.

But the woodcutters caught him
just in time.

They killed him with their axes.

Then they stayed with Red Riding
Hood until her grandmother
came back.

MARCH WINDS

O March that blusters,
And March that blows,
You are the pathway
That leads to the rose.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down
their heads
The wind is passing by.



THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself were hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!





THE WIND AND THE SUN

“I am stronger than you,”
said the wind to the sun.

“No, I am stronger than you,”
said the sun to the wind.

Just then a man went by.

“We can soon find out,” said the
wind.

“Do you see that man down there?”

He has on a heavy coat.

I can make him take it off."

"So can I," said the sun.

"But you try it first."

Then the wind began to blow.

He blew and blew.

He blew as hard as he could.

But the man only said,

"How the wind blows to-day!

I am glad I have my coat."

And he would not take it off.

Then the sun said,

"Now I will try."

So he came out from behind a cloud.

He began to shine.

He shone hotter and hotter.

“How warm it is!” said the man.
Then he took off his coat and sat
down under a tree to rest.



“Well,” said the sun,
“You blew as hard as you
could.
But I was stronger than you.
It is better to be gentle, I think.”

RAIN



The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree ;
It rains on the umbrellas here
And on the ships at sea.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain.

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



BABY SEED SONG

Little brown brother, O! little brown
brother,

Are you awake in the dark?

Here we lie cosily, close to each
other:

Hark to the song of the lark —

“Waken!” the lark says, “waken
and dress you;

Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine
caress you —

Waken! ’tis morning — ’tis May.”

Little brown brother, O! little brown
brother,

What kind of a flower will you be?

I'll be a poppy—all white, like my
mother;

Do be a poppy like me.

What! you're a sunflower? How

I shall miss you

When you're grown golden and high!

But I shall send all the bees up to
kiss you;

Little brown brother, good-by.



CHICKEN LITTLE



Chicken Little was in the garden.
She was hunting for a worm.
All at once an acorn fell on her tail.
“Oh, dear!” said Chicken Little.
“The sky is falling down.
Some of it fell on my tail.
I must go and tell the king.”
Then she ran to Henny Penny.

“What is the matter?” said Henny Penny.

“Oh, Henny Penny,” said Chicken Little.

“The sky is falling down.
Some of it fell on my tail.
I must go and tell the king.”

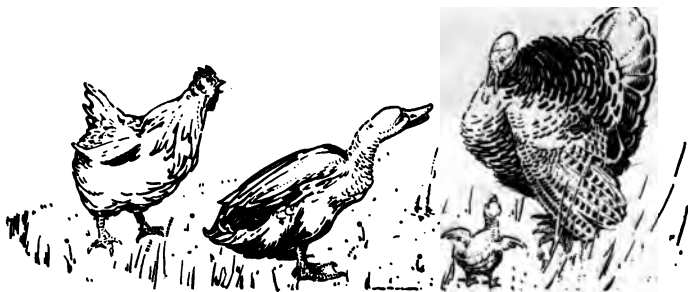
“I will go with you,” said Henny Penny.

Then they ran to Ducky Lucky.

“What is the matter?” said Ducky Lucky.

“Oh, Ducky Lucky,” said Chicken Little.

“The sky is falling down.
Some of it fell on my tail.
I must go and tell the king.”



“I will go with you,” said Ducky
Lucky.

Then they ran to Turkey Lurkey.

“What is the matter?”

said Turkey Lurkey.

“Oh, Turkey Lurkey,” said Chicken
Little.

“The sky is falling down.

Some of it fell on my tail.

I must go and tell the king.”

“I will go with you,” said Turkey
Lurkey.

Then they ran to Foxy Loxy.

“What is the matter?” said Foxy
Loxy.

“Oh, Foxy Loxy,” said Chicken Little.

“The sky is falling down.



Some of it fell on my tail.

I must go and tell the king.”

“That is a good plan,” said Foxy
Loxy.

“I will go with you.

I know where the king lives.
Let us run."
So they ran to a den.



“Do you see this den?” said Foxy
Loxy.
“The king lives here.
Run in as fast as you can.”

So Chicken Little ran into the den .
Then Henny Penny ran into the den .
Then Ducky Lucky ran into the den .
Then Turkey Lurkey ran into the
den.

Last of all, Foxy Loxy ran into
the den.

After a long time Foxy Loxy ran
out.

He was all alone.

Chicken Little and Henny Penny
and Ducky Lucky and Turkey
Lurkey never came out.

They never saw the king.

So they could not tell him that the
sky was falling down.



THE GOOSE THAT LAID GOLDEN EGGS

There was once a woman who had
a wonderful goose.

Every day this goose laid a big
golden egg.

And every day the woman took
the egg to the town and sold it.
She had all the money she could
use.

And she could buy everything she
wanted.

But one day the woman thought,

“I am very foolish.

This goose is not like any other goose—

She must have gold inside of her.

I will kill her.

Then I can have all my money at
once.”

So she killed the goose and cut her
open.

But she did not find any gold inside.

The goose was just like any other
goose.

Now the woman had no more eggs
and no more money.

By being greedy, she lost all that
she had.

SPRING DAYS

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

The wind blows east,
The wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robins' nest
Will soon have wings,
And flutter and fly away.

SPRING IS COMING

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Flowers are coming, too:
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair;
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

hare can run very fast.

tortoise cannot run at all.

hare once used to laugh at
a tortoise, because she moved
so slowly.

he tortoise did not like this.

t last she said,

If you will run a race with me,
will beat you."

Very well," said the hare.

Let us run to that big tree.

re you ready ?

ne, two, three, go."

nd away went the hare like the
wind.



He was soon far away.

But he ran so fast, that he was all
tired out.

So he said to himself,

“Here is a cool place.

I will wait here for the tortoise.

I will take a nap, too.

When I wake up,

I will run to the tree.”

And he went to sleep.

On came the tortoise.
She did not stop at all.
On and on she came.
She went by the hare, asleep
in the shade.



She went straight to the big tree.
Then she waited a long time.

Pretty soon the hare awoke.
He looked back for the tortoise,
but he did not see her.

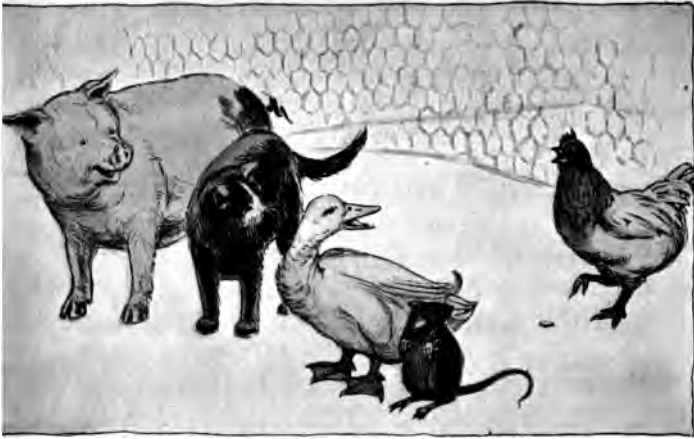
“Well,” he said,
“I will run over to the big tree.
I can wait for her there.”

So he ran down the hill to the tree.
There was the tortoise
 waiting for him.
“You see,” she said,
“I can beat you after all.”

HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full of a number
 of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy
 as kings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



THE LITTLE RED HEN

The little red hen was in the garden.

She was scratching for worms.

By and by she found a grain of corn.

‘See what I have found!’ she said.

‘Who will plant this corn?’

‘I won’t,’ said the cat.

‘I won’t,’ said the rat.

‘I won’t,’ said the duck.

‘I won’t,’ said the pig.

‘I will, then,” said the little red hen.
So she planted it in the garden.

By and by the corn was ripe.
“Who will pick the corn,
and take it to the mill?”
said the little red hen.

“I won’t,” said the cat.

“I won’t,” said the rat.

“I won’t,” said the duck.

“I won’t,” said the pig.

“I will, then,” said the little red hen
So she picked the corn,
and took it to the mill.

The miller ground it into corn meal
Then the little red hen came back
with the meal.

“Who will make a corn cake of this meal?” she said.

“I won’t,” said the cat.

“I won’t,” said the rat.

“I won’t,” said the duck.

“I won’t,” said the pig.

“I will, then,” said the little red hen.

So she made some fine corn cake.

It looked very good.

It smelled very good, too.

The little red hen said,

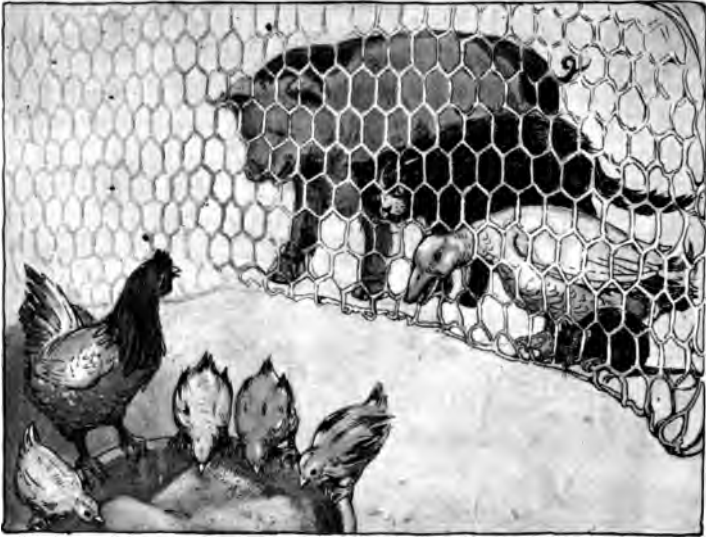
“Who will eat this corn cake?”

“I will,” said the cat.

“I will,” said the rat.

“I will,” said the duck.

“I will,” said the pig.



“No you won’t,”
said the little red hen.
“My chickens and I will eat it.
Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!”
Then all the chickens
came running up.
And they did eat the corn cake.
They ate it all.

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped
 them down
Into the meadows of the town.

THE BOY AND THE RIVER

Once there was a little boy who
lived in the country.

One day his mother sent him to
the town to sell some butter
and eggs.

On the way he came to a big river.
He saw the river running by
and he thought,

“It must all run by before long.
I think I will wait and see.”

So he sat down on the river bank.
He waited and waited all day.
At last it began to grow dark.
The river was still running by.
So the little boy went home
to his mother.

“Why, my boy,” she said,

“Why did you not sell your butter
and eggs?”

The little boy said, “Oh, mother!

I waited to see the river run by.

It has been running all day, and

it is running now.

So I have brought the butter and

eggs home to you.”

“My boy,” said his mother,

“If you wait to watch the river run

by, you will never sell your

butter and eggs.”



THE LION AND THE MOUSE

Once a lion lay down
near his den.

It was a very warm day.

So he went to sleep.

A little mouse ran by.

She ran over the lion's face.

That waked the lion up.

He put out his paw
and caught the mouse.

"Oh, Mr. Lion," said she.

"Do not kill me.

Let me go now.

Some day, perhaps I can help you."

This made the lion laugh.

"You could never help me," he said.

"You are too little for that."

But he was a kind lion.

He let the little mouse run away.

Not long after this, the lion

was caught by some hunters.

They tied him with ropes.

He roared and roared.

The little mouse heard him roar.

Of course she ran

to see what was the matter.

She saw that the lion was caught.
“Now I can help you,” she said.
So she began to gnaw the rope
with her teeth.



Soon she had gnawed it in two.
“Now you are free,”
she said to the lion.
“You see I am not too little
to help you, after all.”



THE RAINBOW

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to
sky,
Is prettier far than these.



THE THIRSTY CROW

One very warm day a crow was
flying around.

At last he stopped to rest.

The sun was hot.

The crow was tired and thirsty.

He looked all around

for something to drink.

He saw a pitcher of water

in a yard.

“There is a pitcher of water,” he
said.

“Now I will have a drink.”

So he went up to the pitcher.

He put in his bill.

But the water was so low
that he could not get any.

“What shall I do?” he said.

“It is a warm day, and I am very
thirsty. I must have a drink.”

He thought and thought.

At last he took a small stone
in his bill.

He dropped it into the pitcher.

Then he dropped another, and
another.

After a while, he tried again to
reach the water.

But it was still too low.

So he got more stones, and dropped
them into the pitcher.

The water in the pitcher came up
higher and higher.

After a long time, the crow was
able to reach it.

Then he had a good drink.

When he had drunk all that he
wished, he flew away.





THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a
swing,

Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it

the pleasantest thing

Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,

Till I can see so wide,

Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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